



ROB
MATHES
WHEELBARROW

TRACK ONE

WHEELBARROW

Well your garden's full of weeds, baby
And you ask me why
Well your wheelbarrow's empty
And your sprinkler is dry
I may be a little boy, I may kick and scream
I may lose my nerve
But I will never ever lose my steam
Can I come over, baby? Can I give you my ring?
Play a little hide and seek
Push you on the playground swing
My garden is green, baby
And you must know why
Well my wheelbarrow's loaded
And my sprinkler wets the sky
You don't love me anymore
I don't make your heart sing
Roll your eyes when I walk through the door
And you bristle at the smallest thing
It's ok, baby, I'm gonna stick around
'Cause my wheelbarrow's full
In fact it's weighted down
Let me bring it on over
Give you something you can put in the ground
Now your garden can't grow, baby
Not without a seed
Get some love in your wheelbarrow, baby
And bring it on over to me



TRACK TWO

CALVARY TRAIN

I've no right to ride in front
Or to rest in the sleeping car
I've no right to stand near the Captain
Or to sit where the Saints are
But before it leaves the station
When I hear that whistle blow
I'm gonna wait 'til it starts rollin'
Run as fast as my feet can go

CHORUS

Calvary Train, Calvary Train
Take me to the place
Where my soul can rest awhile
Rest a long, long while
Take this ancient heart
Replace it with the heart of a child
I'm gonna chase the caboose
Reach out my hand and never look back
I won't let the engine leave me
Leave me hanging on the track
Calvary Train has extra room
It arrives track number nine
Come meet me at the station
Come ride a resurrection line

REPEAT CHORUS

Hear the whistle blow, "Doot doot doot doo"
Do not leave Jerusalem
But wait until the train has come
When it's time to get on board
Tell 'em that you're riding
Ridin' with the Son

REPEAT CHORUS



TRACK THREE

STREAMS OF MERCY ~

Words And Music By Rob Mathes And Phil Naish

Well I've schemed and I've dreamed
Been bought and been sold
I've wandered through wastelands
Searching for gold
And I've prayed on my knees
In the middle of the night
And was cruel and unfeeling
By the next morning's light

CHORUS

Don't you know all that is left
Are Streams of Mercy, Streams of Mercy
Rain 'em down

Don't you know all that is left
Are Streams of Mercy
Lord if you're listening, rain 'em down
Rain 'em down on me

Now I've crawled through the streets
In search of a friend
I've made the same mistakes
Again and again
I've had my last chance
Bid me farewell
Seen the curtain come down
Heard the very last bell

REPEAT CHORUS

Now I've begged for smiles
From the meanest of faces
Followed my heart into the strangest places
Told myself it's love when it was nothing but lust
Then I planted my feet in a field full of dust
I've told myself lies just to get out of bed
Took communion twice for another piece of bread
I built myself a throne and got myself a crown
Turned the lives of the ones that I loved

Upside down

REPEAT CHORUS

TRACK FOUR

RING THEM BELLS ~

Words And Music By Bob Dylan

Ring them bells ye heathen
From the city that dreams
Ring them bells from the sanctuaries
Cross the valleys and streams
For they're deep and they're wide
And the world's on its side
And time is runnin' backward now
And so is the bride
Ring them bells Saint Peter
Where the four winds blow
Ring them bells with an iron hand
So the people will know
Oh it's rush hour now
On the wheel and the plow
And the sun is going down upon the sacred cow
Ring them bells Saint Martha
For the poor man's son
Ring them bells so the world will know that God is one
Oh the shepherd is asleep,
Where the willows weep
And the mountains are filled
With lost sheep
Ring them bells
For the blind and the deaf
Ring them bells
For all of us who are left
Ring them bells
For the chosen few

Who will judge the many
When the game is through
Ring them bells
For the time that flies
For the child that cries
When innocence dies
Ring them bells Saint Catherine
From the top of the room
Ring them from the fortress
For the lilies that bloom
Oh the lines are long
And the fighting is strong
And they're breaking down the distance
Between right and wrong

TRACK FIVE

CONSIDER IT JOY ~

(James 1:2)

Orphans run throughout the fields
Smiling at the sky
Laughing at the lovely thought
Of another night gone by
I've seen children born into nothing at all
Somehow turn the concrete into a wrecking ball
My minutes are not fear-filled
I have my daily bread
I'm something in my mother's eyes
And sleep softly in my bed
I have a little dream left
I have a wheel to turn
Joy, joy, consider it joy
When will I ever learn?
Loved ones walk along the wall
One lays down a rose
Thankful for this moment
'Cause these moments come and go
Don't you know
I have seen the sorrowful
Weak with battle scars
In the morning count their blessings
In the evening count the stars
I have written letters
That have made my true love weep
I've kissed her lips repeatedly
As we watched our children sleep
I have a hope inside me
I have blocks of wood to burn
Joy, joy, consider it joy
When will I ever learn?
Joy, joy, joy
Consider it joy



TRACK SIX

FULL OF HALLELUJAHS

Lord, I'm full of hallelujahs
Yet I cry the whole night long
I taste your milk and honey
And still I do you wrong
The Psalms are in the kitchen
Waiting there for me
Yeah the Psalms are in the kitchen
Not too far from Deuteronomy
Yet my heart is prone to wander
And my head is filled with misery
Spirit: Did you hear the angel's sermon?
Yes I did and I gave my soul to the Son of Man

Spirit: He laid his life out on a tree
And I'm losin' mine as fast as I can
CHORUS

Hallelujah, hear me sing it
Hallelujah, watch me bring it
I know You're my shining star
But I lost my footing
Spirit: You gave up hoping
I can no longer read the map
To where you are

Lord, I'm full of hallelujahs
Spirit: See His glory in the earth and sky
Yet the world is deep in sorrow
And I beg the reason why
Lord, I'm full of hallelujahs
And yet my head hangs low
Spirit: Raise it up now

There was a time when you could help me
But I admit now, I don't know

REPEAT CHORUS

Are you full of hallelujahs?
Spirit: Yes but I am walking the mile
I take my hat off to you
And maybe I'll walk with you a little while
Spirit: Walk with me
Let me see the Kingdom before you send me away
Spirit: He will never send you away
Fold you hands, kneel down
You and I can pray

TRACK SEVEN

Baby, let's make a child
While the skies around us tumble, make a child
Let's teach that child that the ragged man
Often has more to say than the king of style
I love you, and here within your arms
I could swear that nothing is wrong
CHORUS

Don't you know, when it all comes down
When it all comes down
There'll be fields of joy
For every unanswered tear
And some balance for the horror of these years
Don't you know, when it all comes down
I want my child planting seeds in the ground
Baby, when they're grown
I'll still wrap my arms around them
When they're grown
And I'll tell them to remember the weak
Though they'll often want to follow the strong
I love you, and I love to hear you say
Won't you tell me child, what did you learn today?
CHORUS

Don't you know, when it all comes down
When it all comes down
There'll be hope springs eternal
Through the valley of bones
And assurance we were never alone
Don't you know, when it all comes down
I want my child planting seeds in the ground

WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN ~

(for Tammy)

TRACK EIGHT

Fat man lookin' in a blade of steel
Thin man lookin' at his last meal
Hollow man lookin' in a cotton field
For Dignity
Wise man lookin' in a blade of grass
Young man lookin' in the shadows that pass
Poor man lookin' through painted glass
For Dignity
I went down to where the vultures feed
I would've gone deeper but there wasn't any need
I heard the tongues of angels
And the tongues of men
There wasn't any difference to me
Searchin' high, searchin low
Searchin everywhere I know
Askin' the cops wherever I go
Have you seen Dignity?
Blind man breakin' out of a trance
Puts both his hands in the pockets of chance
Hopin' to find one circumstance
Of Dignity
Drinkin' man listens to the voice he hears

DIGNITY ~

Words And Music By Bob Dylan

In a crowded room full of covered up mirrors
Lookin' into the lost forgotten years
For Dignity
Footprints runnin' cross the silver sand
Steps goin' down into tattoo land
I met the sons of darkness and the sons of light
In the border towns of despair
Chilly wind sharp as a razor blade
House on fire, debts unpaid
Gonna stand at the window, I'm gonna ask the maid
Have you seen Dignity?
Sick man lookin' for the doctor's cure
Lookin' at his hands for the lines that were
And into every masterpiece of literature
For Dignity
Englishman stranded in the black heart wind
Combin' his hair back, his future looks thin
Bites the bullet and he looks within
For Dignity
Somebody showed me a picture and I just laughed
Dignity's never been photographed
I went into the red, went into the black
Into the valley of dry bone dreams
So many roads, so much at stake
So many dead ends, I'm at the edge of the lake
Sometimes I wonder what it's gonna take
To find Dignity





TRACK NINE

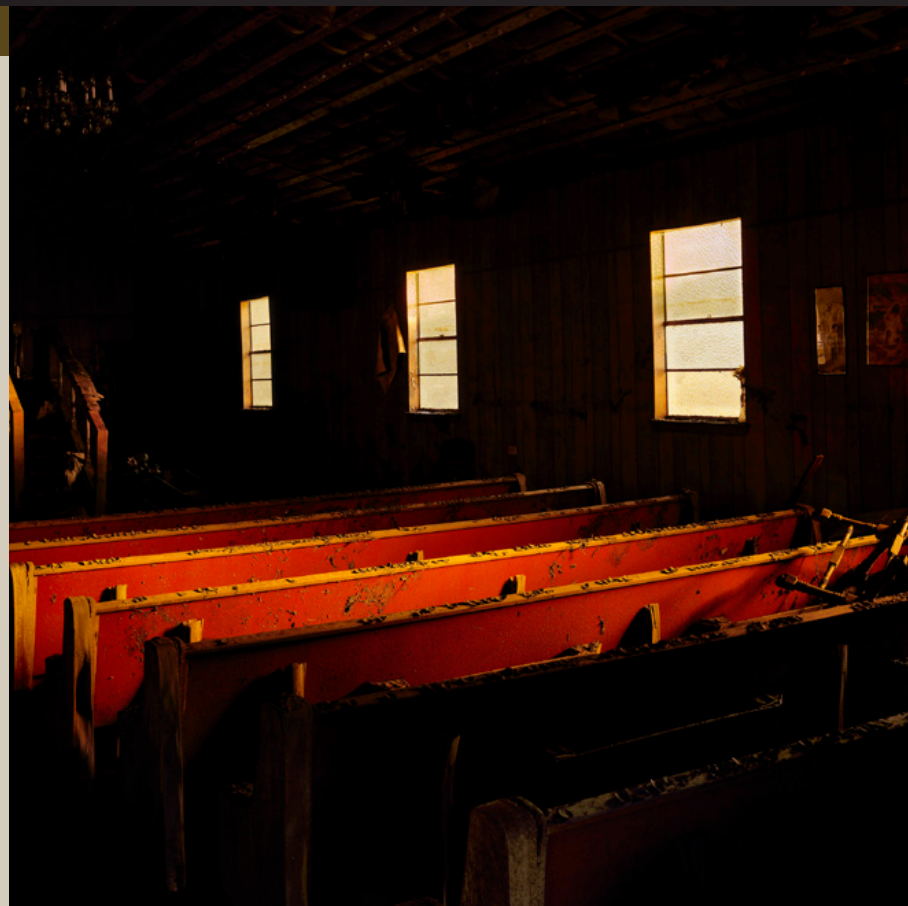
MY MOTHER'S PRAYER

Wisdom cries in the street
She cries through the night
Wisdom cries at the gate
In the depths of the city
How long will it take, you simple ones?
How long must evil reign?
Foolishness is enthroned
He lives in a palace
He'll probably remain
For 10,000 years
And he likes his control of the people
He'd like to lock wisdom away
And I learned this as a younger man
And I wondered, "Where is God?"

CHORUS

That's when I heard my mother pray
My mother pray
It was a sound like nothing else in the world
It was a sound that reaches deep inside
And I knew once I heard it
There could be no doubt
Someone was listening
Pride is standing at the door
He's holding a mirror
He's looking mighty pleased
At what he has done
Teaching in corners and in classrooms
Where all blessings come from
And I believed this till I caught myself
Still I wondered, "Where is God?"

REPEAT CHORUS



TRACK TEN

CHILLY WATER (based on the Spiritual)

Chilly water, hallelujah to the lamb
I know that water is chilly and cold
But I got Jesus in my soul
Chilly water, hallelujah to the Lamb
In that ark the little dove moaned
But Christ was standing as the cornerstone
Chilly water, hallelujah to the Lamb
The water is deep, the water is wide
Can't get over the other side
Death is hanging, certain of doom
Don't forget, Jesus left an empty tomb
Chilly water, hallelujah to the Lamb
Satan is just a snake in the grass
Waiting to bite you as you pass
Chilly water, hallelujah to the Lamb
Brothers and sisters, one and all
Better get ready, 'fore the roll is called
Chilly water, hallelujah to the Lamb

TRACK ELEVEN

Love like a freight train rolling over me
Love like a hard rain pounding on the windshield
I can hardly see, I can hardly see
One day I'll turn around
And love is what will be found
And I'll wake up wide-eyed, I'll wake up wide-eyed
And I won't blink, won't blink, don't blink
For I wanna see thy kingdom come
Wake up wide-eyed
For the change that's gonna come
Love like a switchblade
Well it'll slash right through the gloom
Love like a paper plane
Flying back and forth, all across this room
One day I'll rise to find
Love gets here right on time
And I'll wake up wide-eyed, I'll wake up wide-eyed
And I won't blink, won't blink, don't blink
For I wanna see Thy will be done
I'll wake up wide-eyed
For the change that's gonna come
Angry young thing
What do you do to make your world better?
Cynical boy with a broken heart
Hear me now
You can put it back together
Yes you can, yes you can
You can put it back together
Hope like the moon's glow
Darkness greets the dawn

Hope like a rainbow
How far does it go?
Well, it seems to go on and on
Yes, it seems to go on and on
One day you'll turn around
And all of these things will be found
And you'll wake up wide-eyed
You'll wake up wide-eyed
And you won't blink, won't blink, don't blink.
For you wanna see that rising sun
You'll wake up wide-eyed
For the change that's gonna come

WAKE UP WIDE-EYED

THOSE WHO LOVE

With dirt below me and black holes above
I take my hat off to those who love
Love without judgment or promise
It will ever be returned
Those who love after they're badly burned
Skies full of blackbirds, give me a dove
I bow down at the feet of those who love
I scream at the man on my left
Curse the man on my right
Scared to walk out the front door
And rarely go out at night
My courage is little, my faith is asleep
My hope is in question and my worry is deep
Protect what I have
And pray that I live
In comfort and at ease
Some want you dead
In the name of their god
Some want you down on your knees
With dirt below me and black holes above
I bow down at the feet of those who love
With dirt below me and black holes above
I take my hat off to those who love
Love never bending or breaking
Serving those who've no voice
Those who live as if their love was not a choice
Sky full of buzzards and black hawks
Can you show me a dove?
Cause I bow down at the feet
Of those who love



TRACK FOURTEEN

It may be patient, it may be kind
It may bring you peace of mind
It may be eternal and ever new
It may be strong, it may be true
But it isn't easy
It won't always lay you down
It often suffers, often worries
And once it wore a thorny crown
CHORUS
Yeah this one word
Is not shelter from the rain
This one word
Can't shield the broken heart from pain
Yet lives have been given
So this one word might ring clear
This one word is all I long to hear
Love, love, love
That's what I'm talking about
It may not envy, it may not boast
May not be haughty or cruel
It may be embracing and ever wondrous
A stream that's flowing
A precious jewel
But it isn't light
It can be crushing hard as stone
Leave you wanting, leave you bleeding
On a cross and all alone
REPEAT CHORUS

I speak in the tongues of men
But I've heard the tongues of angels
I don't want to be a gong crashing
Don't want to be a cymbal clanging
It may protect, it may persevere
May never tarry, may never stray
Not easily angered, nor self-seeking
May never fail or pass away
But in it's hoping, in its faith and with a song
Still it's beaten and it's broken
And its road is ever long
REPEAT CHORUS

Archive: THIS ONE WORD ~

CREDITS

Rob Mathes: Vocals, Piano, Wurlitzer, Fender Rhodes, Hammond B-3, Acoustic and Electric Guitars (Solo on Dignity and Calvary Train), String and Horn Arrangements; Billy Masters: Electric and Electric Slide Guitars (Solo on Wheelbarrow and Full of Hallelujahs); Will Lee: Bass; Zev Katz: Bass on Streams of Mercy; Shawn Pelton: Drums and Percussion, Programming

Horns: Jeff Kievit: Trumpet; Tony Kadleck: Trumpet (Plunger Solo on My Mother's Prayer); Aaron Heick: Alto Sax; David Mann: Tenor Sax; Roger Rosenberg: Baritone Sax; Mike Davis: Trombone; George Flynn: Bass Trombone

Strings Contracted by Isobel Griffiths for Isobel Griffiths Ltd. London, UK; Thomas Bowes: Concertmaster; Perry Montague-Mason: Second Violin Leader; Peter Lale: Viola Leader; Tony Pleeth: Cello Leader

Background Vocals: James "D-Train" Williams; Vaneese Thomas; Ian Cron (on Streams of Mercy)

Rhythm tracks recorded at MSR Studios, NYC (formerly Legacy Studios) in August, 2007 by Jan Folkson except: Streams of Mercy recorded at Sound On Sound Recording Studios, NYC in October, 2005 by Mark Mandelbaum

Strings recorded at Abbey Road Studio One, London in March 2009 by Jonathan Allen; Final overdubs recorded at MSR Studios, NYC in March 2014 by Jamie Siegel and Alex Venguer; Vaneese Thomas' Vocals, Acoustic Dobro and 12-String Acoustic overdubs recorded by Wayne Warnecke at Peaceful Waters Music, Pound Ridge, NY; Additional recording at JRock Studios, NYC in January, 2015 by Jamie Siegel; Mixed at JRock Studios by Jamie Siegel; Mastered at Masterdisk by Scott Hull

Portrait of Rob by Shawna Hamic; Photography: Chris Jordan www.chrisjordan.com;
Art Direction & Design: Jeff Lyons moringtoncrescent.co.nz

Management: Crush Music, Jonathan Daniel and Jon Lullo—I am so lucky to be a part of your team.
Thank you JD and Jon!

Dignity incorporates elements of "Tears Inside" by Ornette Coleman in the Horn Arrangement, published by Composers Music (ASCAP)

The archival bonus track from Trinity Church's Arts Sunday was recorded by Iris Cohen and Rick Bernier. Rory Young graciously brought all his microphones from Acme Recording that morning to document the service. The musicians and vocalists graciously approved me releasing this somewhat crude recording in tribute to that hallowed time, and the community that Ian Cron nurtured all those years.

The musicians at that service were: James D-Train Williams: Vocals; Cindy Mizelle: Vocals; Lynn Witty: Vocals; Ian Cron: Vocals; Rob Mathes: Keys, Lead Vocal; Sean Witty: Electric Guitar; Chris Coogan: Hammond B3; Wayne Zito: Bass; Tony Cruz: Drums; Jim Clark: Tenor Sax; Andy Snitzer: Alto Sax; Mike Davis: Trombone; Jeff Kievit: Trumpet

FROM ROB

IN 1995 MY GIFTED friend Ian Cron started a church out of a service he was leading at Stanwich Congregational in Greenwich, CT. In his mind, we needed a "Church for the Rest of Us." This was six years before that fateful Tuesday morning in September of 2001. In many ways, Ian was prescient. He believed in metaphor and also believed in the concept of mystery and silence; a universe of questions. He saw the danger in fundamentalism. He encouraged me to write song after song after song. I brought in new arrangements of Dylan songs and countless spirituals. This was not a church without a cross, but it was one with open windows and an open door.

The songs collected. I performed the best of them at a club called Satalla in New York City during the Spring and Fall of 2005, with the incredible tribe of musical warriors featured here. Satalla's booking manager was my friend Steve Lurie, who used to run one of the best record stores in New England, Al Franklin's Musical World. These songs felt like the real sequel to Evening Train, up to now the quintessential Rob Matthes record. Like the ones on Train, they combined the profane and the sacred. "When It All Comes Down" was a tribute to my wife Tammy, who was teaching reading that Tuesday morning at Hamilton Avenue School in Byram, CT. "Consider It Joy" was written after returning from a wrenching trip to Rwanda, one where we met countless orphans. So many of the rest of these came from this exploration of the spiritual tradition that Ian allowed me throughout the hallowed years of this "Church for the Rest of Us."

One of his greatest gifts was to allow me to sing the song "Everywhere" at his last Christmas Eve service as founding pastor. That song is on an EP of the same name that I released a half decade ago. In the song I ask questions throughout, in dialogue with a boy named Max Scotti, a student in my wife's first grade class who was then dying of brain cancer. In light of what he was going through the questions were: "Where is Mary?? Where are the angels?? Where are they now??" The value of Ian's openness cannot be underestimated and I could never repay him for that venue, that platform, that space where I could bring in these charred and flawed offerings. One of the last services we had, before Ian left to become a full time writer, was one where there was no sermon: just the poetry of Denise Levertov, Mary Oliver and Seamus Heaney and this kind of music. An archive of one of the songs from that service is included at the very end of this disc. A shout-out should be given to Sean Witty, one of Ian's associates and partners in crime, if you will, from those days.

Why did this take so long to finish? I don't have a great answer. Ian left. He sought new adventures. I had a bit of a crisis of faith, to use a hackneyed phrase, and never finished. I then wrote the somewhat raw record Flesh and Spirit. I wanted to record something live in the studio that went places lyrically that I hadn't dared before. And yet..... these tracks beckoned; tracks featuring Billy Master's extraordinary guitar work and Will and Shawn's groove; this wondrous band carved by many years together.

Here's to the Churches for the Rest of Us. There is a lot more music from those years that was never recorded. Hymns, choruses, laments, celebrations. Thank you Ian.





THANK YOU



THANKS TO MY BELOVED Tammy Hume; my girls Emma, Sarah and Lily and the hundreds of friends, musicians, engineers, studio managers and family who, after a decade, helped this bluesy shard of raggedness and good news to get finished. I am profoundly grateful to God for the blessing of music and the privilege of making it with deep and soulful musicians of this caliber.



www.robmathes.com







} WHEELBARROW }



ROB MATHES WHEELBARROW

1. Wheelbarrow 5:01
2. Calvary Train 5:58
3. Streams Of Mercy 4:04
4. Ring Them Bells 4:55
5. Consider It Joy 4:40
6. Full Of Hallelujahs 5:56
7. When It All Comes Down 4:22
8. Dignity 4:51
9. My Mother's Prayer 6:51
10. Chilly Water (Spiritual) 3:49
11. Wake Up Wide-Eyed 5:44
12. Those Who Love 5:58

Photography: Chris Jordan www.chrisjordan.com

ROB MATHES
PRODUCTION

All songs composed by Rob Mathes, Published by Maybe I Can Music (BMI), Except: Streams of Mercy written by Rob Mathes and Phil Naish published by Maybe I Can Music (BMI), River Oaks Music (BMI) and Naishing Teeth Music (BMI), Ring Them Bells and Dignity written by Bob Dylan published by Special Rider Music (SESAC)